

You know the goodnesse I intend vpon you:

Tell me but truly, but then speake the truth,

Do you not loue my Sister?

*Bast.* In honour'd Loue.

*Reg.* But haue you neuer found my Brothers way,  
To the fore-fended place?

*Bast.* No by mine honour, Madam.

*Reg.* I neuer shall endure her, deere my Lord

Be not familiar with her.

*Bast.* Feare not, she and the Duke her husband.

*Enter with Drum and Colours, Albany, Gonerill, Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Our very louing Sister, well be-met:  
Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his Daughter  
With others, whom the rigour of our State  
Forc'd to cry out.

*Regan.* Why is this reasond?

*Gon.* Combine together gainst the Enemie:  
For these domestike and particurall broiles,  
Are not the question heere.

*Alb.* Let's then determine with th'ancient of warre  
On our proceeding.

*Reg.* Sister you'le go with vs?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most conuenient, pray go with vs.

*Gon.* Oh ho, I know the Riddle, I will goe.

*Exeunt both the Armies.*

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* If ere your Grace had speech with man so poore,  
Heare me one word.

*Alb.* He ouertake you, speake.

*Edg.* Before you fight the Battaille, ope this Letter:  
If you haue victory, let the Trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I seeme,  
I can produce a Champion, that will proue  
What is auouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your businesse of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune loues you.

*Alb.* Stay till I haue read the Letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it:

When time shall serue, let but the Herald cry,  
And he appeare againe.

*Alb.* Why farethee well, I will o're-looke thy paper.

*Enter Edmund.*

*Bast.* The Enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,  
Heere is the guesse of their true strength and Forces,  
By diligent discouerie, but your hast  
Is now vrg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time.

*Bast.* To both these Sisters haue I sworn my loue:  
Each iealous of the other, as the flung  
Are of the Adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enioy'd  
If both remaine aliue: To take the Widdow,  
Exasperates, makes mad her Sister *Gonerill*,  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,  
Her husband being aliue. Now then, wee'l vse  
His countenance for the Battaille, which being done,  
Let her who would be rid of him, deuise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercie  
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,  
The Battaille done, and they within our power,

Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state,  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

### Scena Secunda.

*Alarum wit hin. Enter with Drumme and Colours, Lear,  
Cordelia, and Souldiers, ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.*

*Enter Edgar, and Gloster.*

*Edg.* Heere Father, take the shadow of this Tree  
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue:  
If euer I returne to you againe,  
He bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you Sir.

*Edgar.* Away old man, giue me thy hand, away:  
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his Daughter tane,  
Giue me thy hand: Come on.

*Glo.* No further Sir, a man may not euen heere.

*Edg.* What in ill thoughts againe?  
Men must endure

Their going hence, euen as their coming hither,  
Ripenesse is all come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too.

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter in conquest with Drum and Colours, Edmund, Lear,  
and Cordelia, as prisoners, Souldiers, Captaine.*

*Bast.* Some Officers take them away: good guard,  
Vntill their greater pleasures first be knowne  
That are to censure them.

*Cor.* We are not the first,  
Who with best meaning haue incurr'd the worst:  
For thee oppressed King I am cast downe,  
My selfe could else out-frowne false Fortunes frowne.  
Shall we not see these Daughters, and these Sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no: come let's away to prison,  
We two alone will sing like Birds i'th' Cage:  
When thou dost aske me blessing, I'll kneele downe  
And aske of thee forgiveness: So wee'l liue,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh  
At gilded Butterflies: and heere (poore Rogues)  
Talk of Court newes, and wee'l talke with them too,  
Who looses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;  
And take vpon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were Gods spies: And wee'l weare out  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,  
That ebbe and flow by th' Moone.

*Bast.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Vpon such sacrifices my *Cordelia*,  
The Gods themselves throw Incense.  
Haue I caught thee?  
He that parts vs, shall bring a Brand from Heauen,  
And fire vs hence, like Foxes: wipe thine eyes,  
The good yeares shall deuoure them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make vs weepe?

Weele see e'm staru'd first: come.

*Bast.* Come hither Captaine, hearken.

Take thou this note, go follow them to prison,  
One step I haue aduanc'd thee, if thou do'st  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To Noble Fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is; to be tender minded  
Do's not become a Sword, thy great employment  
Will not beare question: either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thriue by other means.

*Capt.* He do't my Lord.

*Bast.* About it, and write happy, when th'ha'st done,  
Marke I say instantly, and carry it so  
As I haue set it downe.

*Flourish. Enter Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Soldiers.*

*Alb.* Sir, you haue shew'd to day your valiant strain  
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues  
Who were the opposites of this dayes strife:  
I do require them of you so to vse them,  
As we shall find their merites, and our safety  
May equally determine.

*Bast.* Sir, I thought it fit,  
To send the old and miserable King to some retention,  
Whose age had Charms in it, whose Title more,  
To plucke the common bosome on his side,  
And turne our impresse Launces in our eies  
Which do command them, With him I sent the Queen:  
My reason all the same, and they are ready  
To morrow, or at further space, to appeare  
Where you shall hold your Session.

*Alb.* Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subiect of this Warre,  
Not as a Brother.

*Reg.* That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might haue bin demanded  
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our Powers,  
Bore the Commission of my place and person,  
The which immediacie may well stand vp,  
And call it selfe your Brother.

*Gon.* Nor so hot:  
In his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,  
More then in your addition.

*Reg.* In my rights,  
By me inuested, he compeeres the best.

*Alb.* That were the most, if he should husband you.

*Reg.* Tellers do oft proue Prophets.

*Gon.* Hola, hola,

That eye that told you so, look'd but a squint.

*Rega.* Lady I am not well, else I should answere

From a full flowing stomach. Generall,

Take thou my Souldiers, prisoners, patrimony,

Dispose of them, of me, the walls is thine:

Winnesse the world, that I create thee heere

My Lord, and Master.

*Gon.* Meane you to enioy him?

*Alb.* The let alone lies not in your good will.

*Bast.* Nor in thine Lord.

*Alb.* Halfe-blooded fellow, yes.

*Reg.* Let the Drum strike, and proue my title thine.

*Alb.* Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee

On capitall Treason; and in thy arrest,

This guildd Serpent: for your claime faire Sisters,

I bare it in the interest of my wife,

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this Lord,  
And I her husband contradict your Banes.  
If you will marry, make your loues to me,  
My Lady is bespoken.

*Gon.* An enterlude.

*Alb.* Thou art armed *Gloster*,

Let the Trumpet sound:

If none appeare to proue vpon thy person,  
Thy heynous, manifest, and many Treasons,  
There is my pledge: He make it on thy heart  
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse  
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.

*Reg.* Sicke, O sicke.

*Gon.* If not, He nere trust medicine.

*Bast.* There's my exchange, what in the world he's  
That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies,  
Call by the Trumpet: he that dares approach  
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine  
My truth and honor firmly.

*Enter a Herald.*

*Alb.* A Herald, ho.

Trust to thy single vertue, for thy Souldiers  
All leui'd in my name, haue in my name  
Tooke their discharge.

*Regan.* My sicknesse growes vpon me.

*Alb.* She is not well, conuey her to my Tent.  
Come hither Herald, let the Trumper sound,  
And read out this.

*Herald reads.*

If any man of qualitie or degree, within the lists of the Ar-  
my, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, supposed Earle of *Gloster*,  
that he is a manifest Traitor, let him appeare by the third  
sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence. 1. Trumper.  
Her. Againe. 2. Trumper.  
Her. Againe. 3. Trumper.

*Trumpet answers with him.*

*Enter Edgar armed.*

*Alb.* Aske him his purposes, why he appeares  
Vpon this Call o'th' Trumper.

*Her.* What are you?

Your name, your quality, and why you answer  
This present Summons?

*Edg.* Know my name is lost

By Treasons tooth: bare-gnawne, and Canker-bit,  
Yet am I Noble as the Aduersary  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that Aduersary?

*Edg.* What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of *Glo-*

*Bast.* Himselfe, what saist thou to him? (Her?)

*Edg.* Draw thy Sword,

That if my speech offend a Noble heart,

Thy arme may do thee Justice, heere is mine:

Behold it is my priuiledge,

The priuiledge of mine Honours,

My oath, and my profession. I protest,

Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,

Despise thy victor-Sword, and fire new Fortune,

Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a Traitor:

Faile to thy Gods, thy Brother, and thy Father:

Conspirant gainst this high illustrious Prince,

And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,

To the discent and dust below thy foote,

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